

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO 7.—VOL. XX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1808.

EDWARD WALWIN.

*An American Tale.*

sea-r, old age 3. n. l. still b.

TO the right rose a hill, whose summit was crowned with lofty oaks; and on the left, extensive fields, well cultivated, met the eye. As he was contemplating the scene, he felt all those emotions of pleasure which rural scenes inspire the heart with. His fancy placed a little cottage in the vale; he imagined himself united to his Mary, and that they dwelt in that sequestered spot; where nightingales should lull them to sleep, and the early lark arouse them with her notes of praise. From this agreeable reverie he was awakened by being called to breakfast; and descending, found Mr. Norton waiting his appearance.

Mr. Norton immediately began to arrange matters in a proper manner for conducting his new business; to Edward he gave the employment of superintending his place; and an old tenant, who had lived on the estate for several years, with the assistance of the servant, was sufficient to cultivate it. After breakfast, Mr. Norton and Edward, accompanied by the old man, whose name was John, went out to view the grounds. After passing several fields, they came to a wood, and proposed entering it, to shield themselves from the heat of the sun beneath the verdant branches. The old man hesitated; and, addressing himself to Mr. Norton, said: "I think them woods be far more pleasanter, sir," pointing to some at a little distance. However, his companions were not of his opinion, but continued to advance; when the old man cried: "For God's sake gentlemen, come back." They now turned to enquire the reason of this exclamation; when he entreated them not to go any further, "because they say as how the woods be haunted." They laughed at the old man's apprehension, and desired him to come along, and fear nothing; but he declared, with terror in his countenance, he would not advance one step in the wood for a king's ransom. Mr. Norton first endeavoured to laugh him out of his belief; but finding that ineffectual, he said—"I should be glad to know who are the propagators of this idle story." To which John made this answer: "You must know as how, sir, neighbour Giles was coming along here, in the woods yonder, about three years ago, and he see'd something com'd along the path; it was all black, and as big as three men; but he says as how he could not see plain, for he was mortally frightened; so, as I was saying, he see'd it, and hallow'd out, 'who's here?' so with that it started off, harder than a horse could run; and neighbour Giles had he to have fainted, for all he isn't an overly coward. And after that neighbour Blackstone see'd it; and neighbour Hoskins. And so did my wife Joan; and I did think I heard queer noises once, and it frightened me tarnation." "

Finding John determined, they entered without him, notwithstanding he even fell on his knees and besought them to desist. As it was a warm day in June, they felt extremely refreshed by the salubrious air; and having explored several parts of the wood, they returned home, and found John mourning, and his wife crying; who were astonished and rejoiced at seeing them again in safety; and entreated them never to venture again, since Heaven had so miraculously preserved their lives this once.

This occurrence was a subject of much contemplation to Edward; for, although he disbelieved that any thing supernatural had occurred, yet he thought some wicked wag in the neighbourhood had diverted himself at his neighbours' expence, by imposing on their credulity; and he resolved to discover him if possible, and punish him for the terror he had excited. This plan he communicated to William, the servant, who being a young man of good understanding, and untainted with the prejudices common to ignorant persons readily promised to give his assistance, and to make such enquiries and observations as might enable them to discover the actor of this farce. For a long time his enquiries were of no avail; for the answers were the same in substance with old John's account. It happened one evening, that William being alone in the wood, heard a footstep approaching along the path; he turned round and beheld a man habited in black, who, on perceiving him, fled. William pursued, but soon lost sight of him, and, as the shades of night began to fall thick around him, he returned and communicated his discovery to Edward. —This opened a new field of conjecture, for no one resided in the neighbourhood, who dressed in black; and William was confident that he had not mistaken the colour. As human nature, especially in youth, is fond of any thing which carries a mysterious appearance, and pursues it with eagerness, Edward engaged in this enterprise with a determination not to be disheartened by difficulties, but to persevere until the mystery should be elucidated.

About this time, a report spread through the neighbourhood, which struck terror into the hearts of the people: it was said that a gang of desperate robbers infested these parts, and that numbers had lately been plundered by them. Upon these facts being confirmed, Mr. Norton determined to fortify the house; and, in order to procure arms, Edward and he set out on horseback for the nearest town, where these articles were to be bought. They started in the afternoon; and, towards evening, as they were riding slowly along, perceived two horsemen advancing, who, on their approach, drew each a pistol, and demanded our travellers' purses. Mr. Norton knew it would be in vain to resist, and therefore delivered what money he had, on which they rode off. He now turned back, as he was deprived of money, without which he could not procure what they wanted. They had not proceeded far, until the sky, which before had been clear, began to be overcast

with clouds soon the sun was hid behind a sable mantle, and the distant thunder was faintly heard.

They spurred their horses forward to seek for shelter; but before they reached an habitation, the clouds opened, and the rain poured upon them; the thunder became louder, and the wind whistled through the branches of the trees. At length they reached a house, and knocking, the door was opened; they requested shelter from the storm, and were permitted to enter, although with evident reluctance.

In the house, round a good fire, were seated an old man and woman, and two girls, one of whom had risen to admit our travellers. The old man went out to secure their horses; and, when he returned, attempted to enter into conversation with them while they dried their clothes. Mr. Norton related the adventure that had befallen him, and described the robbers minutely; to which account the old man listened very attentively, not without an expression of fear, mingled with malice in his countenance; which Mr. Norton remarked. The conversation now took another turn; when suddenly the sound of horses feet were heard advancing; every countenance betrayed evident marks of emotion, and one of the girls left the room. Presently voices were heard; the horses turned, and the noise became fainter and more distant. When the young woman returned, the old man asked with a significant look, "What was that Jenny?" To which she replied, returning the glance, that they were travellers who had mistaken their way, and were enquiring the road to Windsor. Mr. Norton and Edward had observed all these occurrences with anxiety; the former concealed his suspicions; and, assuming an air of unconcern, began to talk of indifferent subjects, but Edward was unable to prevent his countenance from betraying his thoughts, and Mr. Norton frequently caught the family watching his motions.

At length came the hour of retiring to rest, and, as the storm had not abated its fury, they were necessitated to lodge here.—The old man made an offer of a bed; which Mr. Norton would gladly have refused, and slept by the fire, had he not thought that by this conduct, he should reveal his suspicions; he, therefore, accepted the bed, and retired thither with Edward, in whose ear he whispered these words, "be quiet and watch." Neither of them closed their eyes, but in silent expectation lay waiting the event.

About midnight, the door of a closet in the room turned slowly on its hinges, and human form, which could not be seen distinctly, by reason of the darkness, appeared slowly advancing towards the bed. A thousand ideas, dreadful and confused, took possession of the minds of Mr. Norton and Edward, who doubted not but that they were intended as victims to the safety of the robbers. Mr. Norton at first thought of jumping up and seizing the assassin; but when he reflected that he was entirely defenceless, and his opponent in all probability well arm

ed, besides having others to assist him, he gave up the idea. He did not, however, abandon himself to despair, but gently commended himself to the protection of that gracious being, whose arm had hitherto supported him. As for Edward, he would certainly have sprung out of bed, had not his friend, by gently laying his hand on him, prevented it; he obeyed the signal, and watched, not without emotions of fear, the gradual progress of the figure. In a moment the round of a number of horses were heard, who seemed to advance with the utmost rapidity.

*To be continued.*

#### THE BURIAL.

"'Tis done!" said Emeline as I entered the room—"tis done! and now his little spirit has passed the confines of mortality!—I drew back; she was in the delirium of reflection, and I remained unperceived. Yes, continued Emeline, leaning over the lifeless babe, as she wiped the repining tears: he is gone! the delight of my existence is forever snatched from maternal embraces! but he is not dead; he only reposes in the arms of immortality, whence I shall again receive him! Yet his father: ah! my beloved partner, little dost thou think of this disaster. No, thou art distant and unconscious of it. When thou returnest, how wilt thou bear the loss of thy little Henry! My amiable friend, said I, approaching the weeping Emeline, I was come to enquire respecting the health of your infant, and I see that he is well. Well, repeated Emeline, he is well: 'tis enough! his sorrows are past! My friend, said this charming mother I did not imagine that I could have resigned myself to a dispensation so severe. And what, interrupted I, has effected such a happy change in your disposition? Ah! replied Emeline, I was then young, inattentive at youth, and ignorant of true peace. Like most young people, I never perused a volume from which I have since learnt in what happiness consists: to be resigned to the will of Providence here, and trace by the chart which he has given us in divine truth, the road to a brighter state. But, demanded I, have you never any apprehensions that this chart may be erroneous? None, rejoined Emeline, for though I never examined the external authorities, which I am told confirm my guide; and though I hear of many who have done it with more wisdom and penetration than I can possibly boast, aver that it is defective; I have an evidence that compels me to reject their doubts. My heart, whenever I peruse the pages of holy writ, beats so in unison with their contents, that nature, which philosophers tell us should be our director, must be mistaken if I am wrong.

When the corpse of Henry was to be interred, Emeline attended it to the grave. I was unspeakably impressed with her deportment. In her features you might discern the triumph of resignation over the struggles of sorrow; she shone in tears! Never shall I forget the sympathetic assent given by every heart present, when the good pastor uttered that glorious assurance: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin, worms destroy this body; yet in my flesh shall I see God." Yes, my Redeemer liveth! exclaimed Emeline, and Henry, I shall meet thee in his presence. We are parted to re-unite where tears shall cease to flow! And this is the religion I thought I, that sceptics would exterminate.

#### REVIEW.

I've seen though but a child in years,  
Life's journey rather tough,  
But yet, that half our hopes and fears,  
Are passing things enough.

I've seen the simple rule the wise,  
The coward awe the brave;  
Age, feeble age, stern death survive,  
While youth supply'd the grave.

I've seen the sons of fortune fall,  
And end their days in rags;  
Want's meagre offspring ahn the jail,  
And boast their golden bags.

I've seen ambition, clad in arms,  
Fly to the fields of Mars;  
And veterans, proud of war's alarms,  
Ambitious of their scars.

I've seen the spendthrift waste his store,  
His comrades to maintain;  
The miser sternly bolt his door,  
And want implore in vain.

I've seen the path of folly strown  
With all the flowers of taste;  
While the lone walk of virtue shown,  
A solitary waste.

I've seen how folly's hope decays  
With life, as years increase;  
I've seen the christian end his days,  
And lo! his end was peace.

All this I've seen, and sad experience shows,  
(A truth once disbelov'd, but now confess'd,)  
When born, we list to war with cares and woes,  
And he deserves them least, who bears them best.

—00—

*To a lady who asked what love was.*

What's love? Why 'tis a crazy theme,  
A wild, tumultuous doubtful dream,  
Where various passions blend;  
Where torture, torment, wretchedness,  
Where bliss, delight, and tenderness,  
Perpetually contend.

With ev'ry plague that man can know,  
With ev'ry joy he finds below,  
A heaven, a hell by turns,  
A fever which consuming glows;  
A something—which Philander knows  
When Laura at him spurns.

—00—

*From the Charleston Messenger.*

#### TO MIRA.

Silly girl, ah! why deceive me,  
When you vow'd a mutual flame?  
Why a prey to sorrow, to leave me  
When a richer suitor came?

Could you ev'ry charm surrender  
To a base and sordid mind;  
And think, 'mid scenes of pomp and splendour,  
Real happiness to find!

Too late you feel—the sigh of anguish  
Oft the troubled breast alarms,  
And now you're doom'd in woe to languish,  
'Mid the glare of grandeur's charms!

D. M. C.

#### TO A LADY IN CHARLESTON.

SHOULD Venus self, once matchless child of grace  
On the mild beauties of that heav'nly face,  
Turn her soft, sparkling eye, of azure hue,  
Transfix'd she'd gaze and yield the palm to you.

D. M. C.

*Letter from a deserted Wife to a faithless slave  
band, written in England a few years since.*

#### "MY DEAR HUSBAND,

"I have expected your return from America with painful anxiety, who had counted the slow hours which parted you from me—think how I was shocked at learning you would return no more, and that you had settled with a mistress in a distant state? It was for your sake that I lamented. You went against my earnest entreaties, but it was with a desire, which I thought sincere, to provide a maintenance for our little ones, who you said you could not bear to see brought up in the evils of poverty. I might now lament the disappointment in not sharing the riches which I hear you possess, but I scorn it. What are riches compar'd for travelling lights of sincere affection? I deplore the loss of your love. I deplore the frailty which has involved you in error, and will, I am sure, as such mistaken conduct must, terminate in misery.

"But I mean not to remonstrate. It is, alas! too late. I only write to acquaint you with the health, and some other circumstances of myself and those little ones, whom you once loved!

"The house you left me in could not be supported without an expense, which the small sum you left behind could not well supply. I have relinquished it, and have retired to a neat little cottage, thirty miles from town. We make no pretensions to elegance, but we live in great neatness, and by strict economy supply our moderate wants with as much comfort as our desolate situation will allow.

"Your presence, my love, would make the little cottage a palace.

"Poor Emily, who has grown a fine girl, has been working a pair of ruffles for you, and, as she sits by my side, often repeats with a sigh, When will my dear papa return? The others are constantly asking me the same question; and little Henry, as soon as he began to talk, learned to lip in the first syllable he uttered, When will papa come home? Sweet fellow! he is now sitting on his stool by my side, and as he sees me drop a tear, asks me why I weep, for papa will come home soon. He and his two brothers are frequently riding on your walking cane, and take particular delight in it because it is papa's.

"I do assure you, I never open my lips to them on the cause of your absence, but I cannot prevail on myself to bid them cease to ask when you will return, though the question frequently extorts a tear, (which I hide in a smile) and wrings my soul while I suffer in silence.

"I have taught them to mention you in their morning and evening prayers with the greatest ardor of affection; and they always add of themselves a petition for your speedy return.

"I spend my time in giving them the little instruction I am able. I cannot afford to send them to an eminent school, and do not choose they should acquire meanness and vulgarity at a low one. As to English, they read alternately, three hours every morning, the most celebrated poets and prose writers; and can write, though not an elegant, yet a very plain and legible hand.

"Do not, my dear, imagine that the employment is irksome. It affords me a sweet consolation in your absence. Indeed if it were not for the little ones, I am afraid I should not support it. I think it will be a satisfaction to you to hear, that by retrenching our wants and expenses, we are enabled to pay for every thing we buy, and though poor, we are not unhappy from the want of any necessary.

"Pardon my interrupting you. I mean to give you satisfaction. Though I am deeply injured by your error, I am not resentful. I wish you all the happiness you are capable of,

And am,  
Your once loved,  
And still affectionate,

—000—

A bachelor being in company a short time ago with some married women, was asked why he did not take a wife. To which he replied he had taken many, but that the husbands made a confounded grumbling, he was under the necessity of leaving off.

# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 26, 1808.

The city inspector reports the death of 53 persons (of whom 17 were men, 9 women, 17 boys, and 10 girls) during the week ending on Saturday, viz Of asthma 2, casualties 2, consumption 12, convulsions 4, cramp in the stomach 1, decay 3, diarrhoea 1, dropsy in the head 1, drowned 1, dysentery 2, hives 2, jaundice 1, liver disease 1, locked jaw 1, measles 7, old age 3, pleurisy 1, quincy 1, rheumatism 1, still born 2, teething 2, and 1 of worms.

Of the cases of casualty, one was a black man, who was killed by a fall through the scuttle of a store at Peck slip; the other, a child, aged 3 years, whose death was occasioned by its clothes having caught fire.

From the Mercantile Advertiser.

## ON FILIAL PIETY.

SIR—The loveliest virtue in a young man is that of Filial Piety. It is at once his ornament, his interest, his honor, and his pride. Good men will esteem it as the brightest jewel in his conduct, and the wise will regard it as the best proof of his virtue and prudence. A youth who is obedient to his parents will gain credit for his good disposition; for it would be considered that he was unruly and headstrong if he submitted not to parental authority. He will have credit also for morality and goodness of heart, for he that listens with docility to the lessons of age, and suffers his youthful passions to be regulated by parental experience, can hardly be immoral. Nor can he who repays the care and tenderness of a parent with reverence and affection, be destitute of a heart capable of gratitude, of benevolence, and of love. In the performance, therefore, of the duties of Filial Piety, are centered some of the most amiable virtues of humanity; and in the disposition of mind necessary to practice it, in its fullest extent, are contained the seeds of the noblest, most useful, and most sacred virtues. For this reason the moralists in every age have united with revealed religion in holding out temporal advantages, and the blessings of the present life, as the reward of those who obey their parents and listen to their precepts. The Divine commandment promises "length of days," to those who "honor their father and mother."

Why present and immediate advantages should be the result of the practice of this duty, I have already hinted; and further reasons may be discovered, by considering how many good qualities are united in this virtue. Gratitude, sensibility, and honor, a fear of God and respect for men, are essential and component parts of the character of a dutiful son; and as in the youth they propound humility, submission and love, in the man will they direct to self government, equanimity and justice, and by confirming him early in the practice of moral duties, ensure him the happiness of well regulated passions and well tempered dispositions, which will tend not only to his own individual advantage, but conduce to the happiness of society.

How important, then, is the practice of duty, to individual and social happiness. Necessary for our youth to appreciate advantages and conform to its precepts!

Surely that mind must be callous to all the best sympathies and affections of our common nature, which would disregard the tender, the disinterested admonitions of a parent—who would spurn their authority, and treat their best instructions with contempt and scorn. But what must we think of those, (and to our shame be it spoken some there are) who embitter the old age of their parents by their scoffs; who disregard the ties of nature; and leave those who brought them into existence, and with tender solicitude watched over their infancy, to starve, or become the objects of charity to strangers? Too frequent instances of this inhuman conduct are to be seen; and let the stamp of Cain be set on the young man who thus acts: for assuredly he deserves neither the esteem nor the patronage of the virtuous. His heart is formed in a different mould from that of other men—or it is hardened by avarice or some other ruling passion—or perhaps led aside by the delusive, freezing, abstract principles of the stoic Godwin, whose heart was not capacious enough to admit the principles which are common to the whole human race.

BENEVOLUS:



DEATH is a sleep, superlatively sweet  
To such alone, who are prepar'd their God to meet:  
They find themselves in their Redeemer's blest,  
And meet unceasing happiness, and peace and rest.  
Their bodies sleep—the soul has taken flight  
Onward to heav'n, unto the fount of lasting light,  
Till raised from the dust, their heavenly frame  
Shall laud forevermore Jehovah's glorious name.

## DIED.

On Tuesday evening at 10 o'clock, in the 40th year of her age,

Mrs. Margaret Harrison;

widow of the late Mr. John Harrison, original proprietor of this paper. Mrs. H. was confined near three months. During the last part of her illness, she suffered very much, but bore it with great patience, fortitude and resignation to the Divine Will. Within a few weeks past she often declared that through the mercy and goodness of God, the fear of Death was taken from her. The only burden on her mind was the future welfare of her five Orphan Children, who are now left to mourn in silent sorrow, a loss never to be repaired.

Meek and affectionate, and full of life,  
And free from envy and oppos'd to strife,  
Esteem'd for virtue, free from vulgar pride,  
She liv'd belov'd, and much lamented died.

But why should we repine, and thus distress,  
Lament a friend who reigns among the blest:  
Sickness and grief, here to her lot was giv'n,  
But now no pains disturb her rest in heav'n:  
With untold pleasures blest, she dwells on high,  
And thanks her maker she was born to die.

JUST PUBLISHED  
and for sale by M. Harrison, 3 Peck slip,  
THE LAY OF AN IRISH HARP,  
OR,  
METRICAL FRAGMENTS,  
BY MISS OWENSON.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

LET meekness ev'ry action grace,  
Nor ever think your husband wrong;  
Good humour beautify your face,  
And fond affection guide your tongue.

Such are the duties of a wife,  
And such are ever sure to charm;  
By these you'll pass a blissful life  
Nor can the breath of Slander harm.

## MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening by the Rev. Mr Bishop, M. Henry Ryers to Miss Letitia Bloodgood, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening by the Rev Dr Abernethy, Mr Jacob Anthony, merchant, to Miss Jane K. all of this city.

At Hudson, by the Rev Mr Sears, Mr Alpheus M. Hunt, merchant, to Miss E. Barnard, both of the city.

## MORTALITY.

As those we love, decay, we die in part,  
'String after string is sever'd from the heart,  
Till loosen'd life at last—but breathing clay,  
Without one pang is glad to die away.  
Unhappy he, who latest feels the blow,  
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low!  
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,  
And dying, all he can resign—is breath.'

## DIED.

On Tuesday morning in the 23d year of his age after an illness of only twelve hours, Mr Peter Mumford, eldest son of John F. Mumford, Esq. of the city.

On Tuesday evening, after a severe illness of two weeks, which he bore with truly christian fortitude, Mr Aaron Kellogg, aged 33.

Suddenly, at Philadelphia, on Saturday afternoon in the 37th year of his age, Dr John Redman.

At Lambertown, N. J. Moore Furman, Esq.

At Hebron, Conn. on the night of the 2d inst. Miss Hannah Horton, daughter of Mr Ebenezer Horton, aged 20. The circumstances of her death are as follows; in the evening she retired to rest, and as she supposed left a candle burning by her side, which communicated to the clothes—some time after the family were alarmed by the scent of fire—her brother went into the room, found the bed on fire, and called to her to awake, or she would burn to death—but no answer being given he rushed into the flames, pulled her out, but she was asleep to awake no more. It is hoped that this will prove a serious caution against a similar disaster.

## TEETH.

Natural and Artificial Teeth replaced on implants, in the very best manner, at moderate price. J. Greenwood, Artist in the Line Dental, No. 57 street opposite St Paul's Church-yard.

## DURABLE INK,

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH  
Which nothing will discharge without  
the Linen, for sale at this office.

Cash given for  
this Office

## COURT OF APOLLO.

A facetious song by Isaac, introduced in Mr. Sheridan's opera, called "The Duenna," is extremely lively and characteristic. The allusion to the dell and dimple is delightfully arch, and Isaac's indifference to the colour, though solicitous for the dual number of his mistress's eyes, is truly laughable.

GIVE Isaac the nymph, who no beauty can boast,  
But health and good humour to make her his toast,  
If straight I don't mind, whether slender or fat,  
And six feet or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion—I vow I don't care,  
If brown, it is lasting—more pleasing it fair;  
And though in her cheeks I no dimples should see,  
Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever was seen,  
And her eyes may be of any colour—but green;  
For in eyes (though so various the lustre and hue,)  
I swear I've no choice—only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,  
And white teeth I own are gentler than black,  
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,  
I only desire she mayn't have a beard.

## AVARICE.

BY CUMBERLAND.

A little more, and yet a little more—  
Oh! for the multiplying art  
To heap the still increasing store,  
Till it make *Ora* like a wart.

O, Avarice, (thou rage accurst—  
Insatiate dropsy of the soul,  
Will nothing quench thy sordid thirst?  
Were the sea gold, would'st drink the whole?

Lo! pity pleads—What then?—There's none.  
The widow kneels for bread—Begone;  
Hark, in thine ears the orphan's cry,  
They die of famine—Let them die.

Oh, scene of woe, heart-rending sight!  
Canst thou turn from them?—Yes, behold!  
From all those heaps of hoarded gold  
Not one, one piece to save them!—Not a mite.

Pitiless wretch, such shall thy sentence be  
At the last day, when Mercy turns from thee!

## A NEIGHBOUR.

ONE who calls on you sociably half a dozen times a day, and interrupts you in the midst of your business with his friendly conversation—He will drink a bottle of wine with you at your house, and sometimes be your companion at a tavern. Your books, your household utensils, &c. he will borrow with the greatest freedom—Frequently he will insist on your taking a jaunt a few hours with him, let your compliance be ever so detrimental to your interest; or, out of pure kindness he will pass all his leisure time at your store or shop, the disturbance of your customers or workmen—You never get any thing out of his pocket; he has on to buy what he can borrow of you; and if furnish him with a pipe, a drink of cider, a and a snug seat by your fire, gratis, why all for any thing at a tavern? He'll hunt out'll find powder and shot—and fish with provide bait; and put in sugar to a bowl'll furnish the rest. He very generous all your affairs, and gives his advice as sent. If, however, he cannot get along you, he will take your goods of you, as to payment, it is no matter; as he is in and out a dozen to be no time.

## MRS. TODD.

No 92 Liberty-Street, respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she has just received, and is now opening an elegant assortment of India and Scotch Muslins, viz.

Fancy gown Patterns

Fine plain, laced and nansook muslins

Worked and dotted mull muslins

Gold and silver worked turbans; kid shoes

Scotch elegant sewed and tamboured mull and leno robes

Fancy short dresses, Fracks

Also, gunpowder, imperial, hyson and souchong teas, of the very best quality.

December 19

## THE SUBSCRIBER,

Professor of Dancing and of the French Language interpreter, Translator, &c. has established his academy at Harmony hall in Barley, corner of William street, where he exercises his profession.

Pupils for the French Language are attended at such hours of the day or evening as may suit their convenience.

The Dancing School is kept in the afternoon for masters, misses, and such as cannot attend at other times, and in the evening for grown persons of both sexes. The master has it in his power at almost any time of day or evening to attend on Ladies or Gentlemen, who, not having had the opportunity, in early life to acquire the polite accomplishment of dancing, would prefer being instructed in private, rather than at the public school. Ladies and gentlemen acsiring it, will be waited upon at their houses.

IGNACE C. FRAISIER

## To Landlords and Tenants.

The season for renting Houses is now approaching, the owners of Houses and stores are respectfully informed that books are open at the house register office, 101 Water street, where they can have their property recorded, to let or sell, at the small expence of one dollar each.

The records are always free for the inspection of tenants; and persons wishing to hire or buy all tenements, &c. entered at the Office, will be fairly described, and every information given as to situation, size, convenience, price, &c. Such owners as have tenements, &c. not occupied, and at a distance from their residence, will find their advantage in having the keys at the office, where a person will always be ready to go and shew the premises.

Gentlemen having Country seats or Farms, may have maps, &c. neatly executed by a skilful draughtsman, who has engaged for that purpose, and the maps will be conspicuously arranged in the Office for the inspection of the public. Money will be procured on all mortgages and deposits. Any gentleman, or company, having a surplus capital, may make an advantageous arrangement with the Register office for the use of money, which will always be secured by real estate deposit of merchandize. Jan 13 991

## CISTERNs,

Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted tight, by C ALFORD  
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

## EMBROIDERING CHINELLES,

ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for sale at No. 104 Maiden-lane

This day is published, and for sale by

M. HARRISON,

No. 3 Peck-slip,

A NEAT EDITION OF

THE WILD IRISH GIRL;

A National Tale,

BY MISS O'NEILL.

JUST PUBLISHED

And for sale at this Office,  
THE DISCARDED SON

OR THE  
HAUNTS OF THE BANDITTI,  
by Maria Regina Roche.

## TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER  
FROM LONDON,

At the Sign of the Golden Rose,  
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball far superior to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted Violet double scented Rose 2s 6d

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per pot, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrific Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable of Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond powder for the skin 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Doiled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving 4 and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 8s per box

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

\* \* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Stropps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again January 1, 1808

## JEWELRY,

At No. 200 Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from the Park to No 200 Broadway, where he solicits a continuance of their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and his attention to his business will fully meet with their approbation.

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold earrings, breast pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl plain and enamel, and of every fashion, hair work necklaces, and gold do. bracelets, clasps, chains watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business, which are too numerous to mention: he will sell at the low price, and will warrant the gold and silver work which are of his own manufactory to be equal to any.

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NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.